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A P O L L O

A N D

D A P H N E.



APOLLO

AND

DAPHNE



X VOCAL PARTS 12
OF AN
ENTERTAINMENT,
CALLED

Apollo and Daphne ;
OR,
The BURGO-MASTER Trick'd.

As Performed at the
THEATRE-ROYAL
IN

Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.

The Sixth EDITION, with ALTERATIONS
and ADDITIONS.

L O N D O N :

Printed and Sold by T. WOOD in *Little-Britain*, and
at the Theatre-Royal in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*.

M DCC XXXI.

[Price Six-Pence.]



Vocal Characters.

VENUS,

Mrs. Wright.

DIANA,

Mrs. Seedo.

CUPID,

MORPHEUS,

Mr. Leveridge.

MYSTERY,

Mr. Laguerre.

SLUMBER,

Mr. Salway.

HUNTERS,

Mr. Leveridge.

Mr. Laguerre.

Mr. Salway.

BACCHUS,

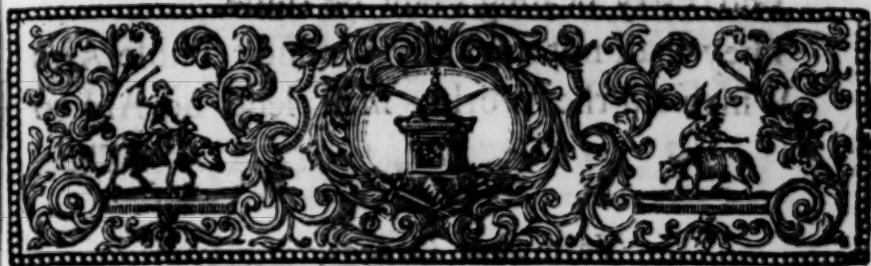
Mr. Salway.

PAN,

M. Laguerre.

SILENUS,

Mr. Leveridge.



APOLLO and DAPHNE.

SCENE I.

A magnificent Palace discovered.
VENUS attended with Graces
; and Pleasures.

VENUS.



ET him still brave my Son and
 (me,

Proud and disdainful God!

Yet, *Phæbus*, shall thy stubborn
 (Heart be bow'd,

And Thou my Pow'r in my Resentment feel.—

DAPHNE has such resistless Charms,

That, gazing, he must love.—

Tho'

Tho' ev'ry healing Plant be thine,
 They shall not cure thy Wound: Those Arts
 Which aid the World, shall lend no Aid to
 (Thee.

Vain were Graces,
 Blooming Faces,
 Beauty's Charms, or *Cupid's* Dart,

If a Lover
 Could recover,
 Or, at Pleasure, guard his Heart.

With Speed, my faithful Foll'wers go,
 A Place prepare, where mighty Love
 His all-subduing Powr's may prove,
 There Juices shed, there Flow'rets strew ;
 Whose magick Force shall work th' Effect
 T' avenge this wilful God's Neglect.

Inchant the Ground, and Love shall lead
 His Steps in DAPHNE'S Steps to tread.

[*Exeunt VENUS and her
 Graces, &c. severally.*

S C E N E



SCENE II.

The Stage darkened with Clouds to represent the Night. MORPHEUS descends in a black Robe, spangled with Stars, his Head crown'd with Poppies, and a leaden Mace in his Hand.

MORPHEUS.

NOW fable-vested Clouds o'erspread
The darken'd Globe; now hazy Dews
And humid Vapours soft distil,
Inviting to Repose. - - - -

Enter

Enter MYSTERY, to him.

Myft. ————— Behold !
 MYSTERY, thy faithful Slave attends,
 Wakeful alone to thy Commands :
 And, see, the Partner of my Cares,
 SLUMBER, at hand thy secret Rites to aid.

Enter SLUMBER on the other Side.

Slum. Soft! — A dead Stillness o'er the
 (World prevails :
 My Pow'rs diffus'd, have stifled Sound.

Morph. 'Tis well ; — Together wrapp'd
 (in Shade,
 We'll tread the gloomy Waste of Air.
 Ocean forgets to swell his Waves ;
 The rustling Breath of Winds is hush'd,
 And Brooks scarce murmur as they glide.
 Only the Midnight Screech-Owl's Voice,
 And Howl of Wolves presume to break
 The solemn Silence of our Reign.
 Ev'n Man, unquiet-Man ! 's at Rest.

All three. { Mortals, whom anxious Passions sway,
 { Whom Cares perplex, and Toils decay,
 { All their Relief from Night receive.

Slum.

Slum. In soothing Dreams they taste the Joy,
Myſt. Which Day and waking Hours deſtroy,
Morph. 'Tis when they ſleep, alone they live.

All three.

{ Mortals, whom anxious Paſſions ſway,
 { Whom Cares perplex, and Toils decay,
 { All their Relief from Night receive.

[*After the Air, they all three aſcend.
 The Night diſappears, and leaves
 the Morning.*



B

SCENE



SCENE III.

*The Side of a Wood. Several
Huntsmen enter, and perform
the following*

BALLAD.

H Ark, hark, the chearful Horns are founding,
From Hill to Hill, the Notes rebounding,
Call to the Chace, come, come away.

I.

The sweet rosy Morning
Peeps o'er the Hills,
With Blushes adorning
The Meadows and Fields.

CHORUS.

*The merry, merry Horns
Call again, come away,
Wake from your dull Slumbers,
And hail the new Day.*

The

II.

The Stag rouz'd before us
 Away seems to fly,
 And pants to the Chorus
 Of Hounds in full Cry.

CHORUS.

*Then follow, follow, follow,
 The musical Chace,
 Where Pleasure, and vig'rous
 Health you embrace.*

III.

The Day's Sport, when over,
 Makes Blood circle right,
 And gives the brisk Lover
 Fresh Charms for the Night.

CHORUS.

*Then let us enjoy
 All we can, while we may;
 Let Love crown the Night,
 As our Sports crown the Day.*



Another BALLAD.

I.

H Ark, hark, the Huntsman sounds his Horn,
 A Call so musical chides the Drone,
Ton, ton, &c.
 The Clangor wakes the drousy Morn,
 The Woods re-eccho the sprightly Tone.
Ton, ton, &c.

II.

The loud-tongu'd Cry the Concert fill,
 Our Steeds with Neighing salute the Dawn.
Ton, ton, &c.
 We mount, and now we climb the Hill,
 Then swift descending we sweep the Lawn.
Ton, ton, &c.

III. The

III.

The distant Stag our Accent hears,
Our Accent, fatal to him alone :

Ton, ton, &c.

He rousing starts, and wing'd with Fears,
Forfakes the Thicket to seek the Down.

Ton, ton, &c.

IV.

Altho' *Diana* claims the Field,
The Woods and Forests, tho' all her own,

Ton, ton, &c.

The Groves to *Venus* let her yield,
Where we may follow her sportive Son.

Ton, ton, &c.

V.

What Joy to trace the blooming Lads,
Thro' darksome Grotto's, with Moss o'er-
(grown,

Ton, ton, &c.

What Harmony can ours surpass,
When joining Chorus with Dove-like Moan.

Ton, ton, &c.

VI. In

VL

In various Sports the Day thus spent,
 Fatigu'd with Pleasures, when Night comes

(on,

Ton, ton, &c.

Our Limbs, tho' tir'd, our Heart's content,
 With Wine regaling, all Cares we drown.

Ton, ton, &c.



SCENE



SCENE IV.

*A Bower magnificently adorn'd
with all Things proper for the
Reception of Love; BACCHUS,
PAN and SILENUS assist-
ing at the Festival, attended
with Satyrs, Fawns, and Sil-
vans, with several Dances,
who represent different Parts
of the World, who acknowledge
Love's Power, and attend his
Triumph.*

BACCHUS.

NAY, prithee, *Silenus*,

PAN.

—— Come back, —— be perswaded,
Thy Carcass with Age and Debauches is jaded.

BACCHUS.

BACCHUS.

'Tis a Satire, to think—that Figure can prove
A Grace to the delicate Triumphs of Love.

SILENUS.

Away — you are Shrimps — and I ne'er yet
(cou'd hear,
That to be undesir'd — was a Charm to the
(Fair ;
The Damsels of Judgment, whenever they
(kiss us,
Always choose an *Alcides* before a *Narcissus*.

PAN.

But those Damsels of Judgment, in rational
(counting,
That sigh for a Hero, wou'd fly from a Moun-
(tain.

SILENUS.

No more — *Silenus* still shall prove
The faithful Votary to Love ;
Here, in full Force, young *Cupid* reigns,
And Pleasure trickles thro' my Veins.

A I R.

A I R.

See a Form and Meen inviting,
 Ruddy Cheeks, Desire exciting;
 Charms, in Spight of Age, still blooming;
 Grace and Vigour unconsuming,
 From these sprightly Juices flow.
 Virgins, you, who think possessing,
 Real Pleasure is a Blessing,
 Scorn the whining,
 Meager, pining,
 Self-admiring,
 Still desiring,
 Unperforming pale-fac'd Beau.

A grand Entry, in which FLORA represents an Inconstant, and is born away by ZEPHYRUS.



C

SCENE

S C E N E V.

*Enter VENUS, followed by the
Graces and Pleasures, DIANA
with Dryades, and other Fo-
rest Nymphs: They attend
CUPID, who is brought in a
triumphant Chariot, drawn by
CUPIDS, seated on the Ensigns
of the Gods, as his Trophies.*

Ven.

Am'rous Kisses,

Dian.

Nuptial Blissés,

Lover's Pleasures,

Both.

Cupid's Treasures,

Are the Sweets that Life improve.

Dian.

Still to languish

Ven.

With sweet Anguish,

Softly sighing,

Both.

Murm'ring, dying,

Are th' immortal Gifts of Love.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Raise the Trophies, raise them high,
Mighty Love the Conquest gains ;
Let, who dares, his Pow'r defy,
Live unworthy of his Chains.

F I N I S.



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CHORUS

Reils the Trophies, raise them high,
Mighty Love the Conquest gains;
Let who dares, his Pow'r defy,
Live unworthy of his Chains.

F I W I S



*Presented to the
Library of the
British Museum
by the
Hon. the Earl of
Barnard Castle
1801*

